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Eleven portraits of past members of the Society have been hung in the Reading Room. These include Thomas Day, President of the Society 1839-1853; Henry Barnard, President 1854-1860; James Bidwell Hosmer, President 1860-1863; James Hammond Trumbull, President 1863-1889; Walter Mitchell, first Treasurer 1825; Thomas Robbins, first Librarian 1844-1856; Charles Hosmer, Recording Secretary 1839-1868; Charles Jeremy Hoadly, President 1894-1900; Eli Todd and Robbins Battell, President 1889-1890.

In January, James E. Rhodes, 2nd, of West Hartford read a paper entitled "The Stanley Fund of the South Congregational Church in Hartford". The reader traced the history of the Stanley family in Hartford and its connection with the South Church, which inspired William Stanley to found the Stanley Trust Fund for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Albert C. Bates entertained the members present at the February meeting with a paper entitled "Miniature Painting in the Colonial Days". This paper was originally written by the late Mrs. Harriet E. G. Whitmore. Many examples of the art were exhibited from the Society's collection with the assistance of Miss Frances A. Hoxie who was in costume.

The largest audience in some years crowded the museum for the March meeting, at which the Reverend Joseph Twichell of Windsor read excerpts from a thesis by Stewart Anderson of Boston entitled "Mark Twain and New England". Mr. Twichell, son of one of Mark Twain's most intimate friends, was a source for much of the material contained in the thesis.

The Records of the Congregational Church in Windham, Conn. (Except Church Votes) 1700-1851, is now for sale at the Library. This is volume 8 of the *Vital Records of Connecticut* series and was published in conjunction with the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of Connecticut.

My Home in Connecticut Fifty Years Ago.

(Concluded from page 8.)

That night as I lay weeping, my little sister, younger than myself, said: "Do not cry. You have never done anything wicked. Say your prayers and you will be good." But I had never prayed as I ought, and had neglected the Savior. My parents were not religious. There was no Sabbath School, and I was very ignorant. I could find few books suited

to my age, about twelve. Janeway's *Token for Children*[2] encouraged me to early piety, and I longed to be like those good children. (17/18) A revival commenced and a number were hopefully converted. My mother joined the church the same time I united, and nine others. It was about six months after I obtained a hope; and after I had been propounded, I was so filled with fear that I should bring reproach upon the cause that I spent much of the time weeping. But when I stood up, and it was said: "In the presence of God, angels and men you make this covenant," I rejoiced that I had such witnesses and the season was one of great enjoyment. I often had affecting seasons at the Lord's Table, and feel it was wise and best that I so early made a profession of my faith. It helped me to resist temptation and strengthened me in the divine life.

My convictions were of several weeks continuance, and I felt I must see my sins in a more alarming way to be converted. My feelings were a sense of ingratitude, and the slighted offers of mercy would melt my heart; but I thought I did not view sin as I ought. I attended the female prayer meeting for young ladies, and led in prayer, and in one had such enlargement and love that one said to me: "You have found mercy." But I did not feel I had, and though I never after felt the load of sorrow I had, it was about two weeks after this that, while hearing the Savior set forth as ready to receive the penitent, I felt such a going forth of soul that it seemed his arms were open to receive me, and I could say: "I have found him whom my soul loveth and he is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."[3]

Our female meetings continued many years, and I don't know but to this (18/19) day. We met Saturday evenings and it was a profitable season to me. We read the Evangelical Magazine,[4] almost the only periodical of that day, and our rules were very strict, binding each member to refrain from all vain amusements: and we were faithful in watching over each other. If any offended in the least, they confessed the fault and was corrected and prayed for. Once I went with a cousin where plays were introduced, and, though I would not rise up to play, I received tokens. That was joining in part, and so great was my sense of having broken the rules that with tears I confessed this fault, and nothing could induce me to join again in vain mirth.

I was not dull or destitute of pleasure, for we loved each other and were often together, and, as young Christians, had much innocent

[2]James Janeway, 1636?—1674. A token for children, being an exact account of the conversation, holy and exemplary lives and joyful deaths of several young children . . . . To which is added, A token for the children of New England, or, Some examples of children, in whom the fear of God was remarkably budding before they died; in several parts of New England. Preserved and published for the encouragement of piety in other children. With new additions. Boston: Printed and sold by Z. Fowle, in Back-Street, near the Mill-bridge. 1771. 156 p. (Library of Congress Index.)

[3]*Cf. Song of Solomon,* III, 4; V. 10, 16.

[4]*Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle,* London, England. First Series, vols. I—XXX, 1793-1822. The publication was continued in different series until 1904.

pleasure in sails, rides, picnics, *etc.*, but we would often have our minister with us, and always maintained the power of preventing improper levity. I was greatly benefited by the society of my dear friend N——— S———, who was older and more experienced than myself: and often when we walked and talked together, we could say with the two disciples going to Emmaus: "Did not our hearts burn within us while we communed together."[5] It was our practice to pray often with each other and relate the exercises of our mind.

My father moved, about a year after I experienced religion, a little out of the village, and this, though I felt it a great trial, for I was a stranger in the neighborhood and it would deprive [me] of the society of dear (19/20) friends, was a means of leading me to habits of retirement and meditation that was a blessing to me. I can say of this as of every other change in life

> In each event of life how clear
> Thy ruling hand I see.[6]

It led me to read and find companions in books. Hervey's *Meditations*[7] and works of that kind greatly delighted me; and I have entered the house, after enjoying a season of contemplation in some retired spot, so filled with heavenly views that I shrunk from communion with creatures and would shut myself in my room, feeling the presence of God and desiring no other. I had particular places, retired and lovely spots, where I delighted to commune with God and contemplate his works.

> The starry heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great original[8]

proclaimed to my admiring eyes, and I could adopt the language of Dr. Young:

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[5]*Cf. Luke,* XXIV, 32.

[6]From Helen M. Williams' hymn: *Whilst thee I seek, protecting* Power! (1786.)

[7]*Meditations and Contemplations by the Rev. James Hervey, A.M., Late Rector of Weston-Favel, Northamptonshire, Containing His Meditations Among the Tombs, Reflections in a Flower-Garden &c.* The first volume was published in 1745-46, the second in 1747, and by 1791 the work had reached its twenty-fifth edition. An edition published at Boston in 1750, a copy of which is in the Congressional Library, is called the eighth edition.

The manuscript is at this point difficult of decipherment and the Editor is obligated for the reading "Hervey," and for the above information, to Mr. Nelson R. Burr of the General Reference and Bibliographical Division of the Library of Congress, as transmitted in a letter from the Acting Chief of the Division, Mr. Leslie W. Dunlap. Acknowledgment is also due in this matter, and with respect to the above note 2, to the staff of the *Wisconsin Historical Society.*

A copy of Hervey's work is in the Library of Beloit College, under date 1835, Philadelphia, to which is appended the *Reflections on Death* of W. Dodd, LL.D.

[8]Joseph Addison's *Ode,* beginning *The spacious firmament on high.* The correct reading of lines 3 and 4 is:

> *And spangled heavens, a shining frame,*
> *Their great Original proclaim.*

These are thy works, Almighty Maker, thine,
Thy works, how wondrous fair; thyself, how wondrous then.[9]

We had about this time a minister installed over the church, the Rev. Ira Hart. He took great interest in the youth of his congregation and was very dear to me. His instructions and those of his wife formed my habits. They furnished me books and taught me to distinguish what was right. I owe much to their influence and example.

When I was in my fifteenth year I visited the city of New York. It was a new scene to me. I was taken to almost every place of special interest, the gardens, museums, public curiosities: and though the city was not larger than Brooklyn now is and there [were] few buildings upon Long Island side, it was a dazzling scene to one who had lived in the retirement of my own home. I was invited to visit in houses richly furnished, and damask curtains (20/21) and Brussels carpets were new sights and led me to feel, as I had never felt before, that I was inferior in style and insignificant in society. It taught me a humbling lesson that I had never felt, and should not in my native place where I felt my father one of the first in society. But it did not lessen my love of home, for I returned more happy in my retired life than before. The knowledge of the world can not be gained from books like seeing and entering into the reality: but a youth needs a wise counselor and guide.

The next spring my father returned to the village, and I attended the school taught by our pastor. I was much engaged in my studies, and would take my book with me in bed; and the last thing at night and first in the morning was my lessons. This interrupted my devotional exercises, and I had a dream that seemed to me was the Spirit speaking in night visions upon my bed. I thought I was walking in a dangerous place and deep pitfalls were all around me; and, just as I was sinking into one, I awoke with these words: "Your grammar won't save you now!"[10] It was a warning that led me to confession and earnest prayer.

My education had been neglected. My parents taught me habits of industry and reading, but schools were very different from the present day. Few females had more than the first rudiments of education. At

[9]The spirit of these lines is, of course, that of the *Ninth Night of Young's Night Thoughts.* The lines are, however, Mrs. Peet's remembrance of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* V, 153-155:

These are thy glorious works Parent of good,
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!

It is not improbable that she recalled them as she had read them in Hervey, who quotes precisely these three lines in his *Reflections on a Flower-Garden* (Philadelphia ed., 1835, p. 110). Hervey was himself fond of Young, three of the several parts of his work being headed by quotations from the *Night Thoughts,* Books IV, V and IX, respectively.

[10]One is reminded of the mediaevalism of Gregory I's letter to Desiderius of Vienne (F. H. Dudden, *Gregory the Great, His Place in History and Thought,* I, 286-287) or of his dedicatory letter prefixed to the *Moralia* (H. O. Taylor, *The Mediaeval Mind,* ed. 1911, I, 97-98); as also of Jerome's *Letter to Eustochium* (G. C. Coulton, *Life in the Middle Ages,* IV, 18-19, arts. 29-30). *Cf.,* also, *Job,* IV, 13f.; VII, 13-15; XXXIII, 15-18.

the early age of seventeen and six months I was married to the Rev. Henry Sherman, a brother of our minister's wife and grandson of the distinguished *Roger Sherman.* He was ten (21/22) years older than myself and I felt that I should gain much from his wisdom and experience. I fancied I should advance rapidly in religion and knowledge, and, if I had improved my privileges as I ought, I might. But I found the love of the world gaining power over me; that "the married care for the things of the world, how they may please their husbands;"[11] and was less elevated to God than before. The scenes of commencing housekeeping are described in *Sunnyside,*[12] and I could almost fancy I had sat for the picture. We had a parsonage. It was cleaned and furnished with provisions by the ladies as there described, and I was welcomed into my new home by a kind, affectionate people. I love them, and I believe I was beloved. We had female prayer meetings and a young ladies reading society. Sabbath schools had not yet commenced.

My husband had charge of an endowed academy that raised most of his support, and he soon found his health would not admit the labors of both, and he decided after about two years to leave the place and give himself wholly to preaching the Gospel. This was my first great trial. To leave my pleasant home, be separated from my husband, and return to my father's with my infant daughter, a few months old, was a sad feeling. But hope was buoyant and I thought we should soon be settled again. But my husband's health led him for a time to decline settling, and symptoms of his fearful disease began to appear. (22/23)

The second war with Great Britain was declared in 1812. This affected my native village, exposed as it was to the attacks of the enemies' ships. In April, 1812, a British fleet of five ships blockaded the harbors of Stonington and New London. I watched with intense interest the chase through the Sound of our ships, the United States *Macedonian* and sloop of war *Hornet,* by the English two seventy-four gun ships and a frigate. Our vessels reached the harbor of New London, where they were kept during the war. Alarms were frequent and a constant sense of danger felt. One who has not known the horrors of war can no more conceive of its terrors than of a terrible tempest that is only described. Often alarm bells were rung at dead of night, and once, after I had read of dreadful barbarities that had been committed, I was awakened by my mother with the alarm: "The enemy are coming!" And such was my haste to escape that I had gathered a sack of clothes and, with bonnet on, came down before my mother was half dressed: and, not daring to wait for anyone, I went into the street. All was still. I saw no one, and the first feeling was: All are gone and I am left. But it proved a false alarm as no attempt of landing was made.

The enemy were in sight, and when they moved their position or fired a salute, as they did on the birthdays of the royal family, the houses

[11] *Cf. I Corinthians,* VII, 33-34.

[12] (Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart) Phelps: *The Sunny Side; or the Country Minister's Wife.* Philadelphia. American Sunday-School Union. (1851, and two later editions.) Reprinted in Edinburgh as *The Manse of Sunnyside.*

would shake with the (23/24) vibration of heavy cannon. For a time Commodore Hardy[13] was very lenient and considerable coasting was carried on: but a vessel prepared to decoy the enemy was fitted out by private individuals and, after being taken, blew up with tremendous power. A lieutenant and ten men who were on board the vessel were killed, and fragments scattered far, reaching the ships though nearly a mile off. If, as was intended, she had been taken alongside, the ship would have been destroyed. This exasperated the enemy, and every coaster was chased, and burned if taken. I have witnessed these scenes, and my brother had his vessel burned and but just escaped with his life.

I was married during the war, in 1813, and was not there at the time of the memorable attack. It was a scene often described, and the deliverance, after three attacks, wonderful. The place was bombarded by five vessels, two seventy-five ships, a brig, a bomb ship and a schooner,[14] and the amount of ammunition thrown into the place prodigious. The watch word in the fort was: "The Lord deliver us;" and the minister and Christians were praying to God to defend their homes: and they kept the tenth of August in commemoration of their deliverance as a day of thanksgiving for many years. My father watched the firing from the port with intense interest for my brother was there, and when it suddenly ceased he supposed all were killed and came out (24/25) to find the cause. But the ammunition had failed. There was at first but a small force to defend the place, but troops arrived and the attempt to land abandoned. The preservation of the place was principally owing to the meeting house that was so situated that the enemy thought it the center of the place, and it was at the extreme end, and they shot over the place.[15] But after discovering their mistake they shot through many houses and injured many buildings, but not a life was taken.

The European wars, the fall of Napoleon, the accounts of the battles as they occurred, were of thrilling interest. My father could scarcely attend to business so engrossed was his mind with these events, and though I was young I felt enough of the evils of war to know how to

[13]Capt. Sir Thomas M. Hardy, friend of Nelson and Commander of his flagship at Trafalgar. In the documents printed in *The Defence of Stonington (Connecticut) Against a British Squadron, August 9th to 12th, 1814,* Hartford, 1814, he signs himself "Captain" (pp. 14-15). In the account of the Stonington magistrates he is styled "Commodore" (*ibid.,* 30). He was later Vice-Admiral and member of the Order of the Bath. See also Henry Robinson Palmer, *Stonington by the Sea.* Stonington, Conn., 1913.

[14]It will be noted that Mrs. Peet spoke above of "two *seventy-four* gun ships." In the above mentioned *Defence of Stonington* the squadron attacking the place is given as the *Ramillies,* 74 guns; *Pactolus,* 38 guns; *Dispatch,* 22 gun brig; and a bomb ship (p. 36). Later the *Nimrod* was added, 20 guns. Palmer's *Stonington by the Sea* gives the *Dispatch* 22 guns and the *Pactolus* 44, accepting Capt. Amos Palmer's account published, as from *Nile's Register,* in *The Defence of Stonington,* 34 (Palmer, *op. cit.,* 36).

[15]This explanation is mentioned by Palmer, *op. cit.,* 41. He deems it inadequate but offers none better. Philip Freneau, in his satirical ballad, *The Battle of Stonington on the Seaboard of Connecticut,* stanzas 7-9, utilizes the incident:

The Ramillies began the attack,
Despatch came forward—bold and black—

prize the blessing of peace, and have felt: "Blessed is that people who have none to molest or make afraid."[16]

I returned to my father's just after the peace in 1815, but our village was desolated by the war and did not recover for years. A dreadful storm* soon after swept over the coast, that spread desolation all along. The wind began early in the morning. If it had been in the night thousands would have lost their lives, for the water rose so suddenly that it soon swept over wharves and carried everything before it. The loss of property was immense and many found a watery grave. The wind unroofed houses, tore up orchards and prostrated everything in its course. It did not extend far back from the shore, but (25/26) from New York to Maine the seaports suffered great destruction. The water came up so far on each side of the village that we felt in imminent peril. If it crossed we should be entirely swept away. The Lord in mercy stayed the mighty floods, and some time before the time for high water the sea abated. This was remarkable as it seldom occurs. Vessels were swept by the village, far upon dry ground when the waters went down. Four men lashed to a boat were washed up the harbor and attempts to rescue them made for a long time without effect. Boats washed back and in vain to reach them. [sic] I could see this from our house, and never before felt the intensity of anxiety for the life of one in danger. They were at last, when almost exhausted, reached and brought on shore. But another more appalling scene was witnessed by my father. A house upon the beach was surrounded by water and three females and two children were drowned, the grandmother, mother, a young lady visitor and two children. The young woman was just to be married, and was making her wedding garments when she suddenly was shrouded for the grave. She struggled long after the others had sunk in the waters, and buffeted the waves like a brave man. But it was in vain. She sank in the unequal warfare. How terrible is the power of the elements, and dependent are men upon Him who "holdeth the winds as in his fists" and "saith to the seas: Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther; here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."[17] It was this power that saved (26/27) us from being swallowed up quickly. I felt it. May I never forget that deliverance. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness to the children of men."[18]

And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.
The bombardiers with bomb and ball
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.
They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen.
Three hogs they wounded in a pen —
They dashed away and pray what then?
This was not taking Stonington.

[16] *Cf.* such passages as *Psalms,* XCIV, 5; *Micah,* IV, 4; *Ezekiel,* XXXIV, 28 and XXXIX, 26; *Zephaniah,* III, 13; *et al.*

*September 23, 1815.

[17] *Cf. Proverbs,* XXX, 4; Job, XXXVIII, 8-11.

[18] *Cf. Psalms,* CVII, 8, 15, 21.

I continued to live at my father's more than a year, my anxiety increasing about the disease of my husband, but not feeling I could name my fear to any human being. God only knew my sorrow and anxiety and he alone, I felt, could avert the evil. I was visiting at my brother's in New London and had been daily expecting to see or hear from my husband when my father came and gave me a letter from my husband. I retired, and before breaking the seal I prayed to be prepared for its contents, and read it, looking intently to see if any alienation of mind was apparent. It was just such a letter as I needed, full of instruction to look to God and commit all in his hands. I again knelt and prayed to be forgiven for anxiety, and thanked the Lord that my fears were not realized. I went down. My father was walking the room, and after asking the contents of my letter, said: "I have another letter from New Haven. Be prepared for heavy tidings." I replied: "I am prepared," and felt a calm submission to the will of God. I was sent for to meet my husband, who was at New Haven in a state of derangement. I hastened to him, left my child at my father's, and felt if I could take care of him I should be happy. But I found I could do little for him. He lived but four days after I reached New Haven—about ten from the time he was taken. He had preached upon the Sabbath, and there was an invitation to settle in a pleasant (27/28) village unanswered at the time of his death: but he had revealed imaginations to me in the confidence of conjugal affections that were evidence of a disordered mind.

The funeral sermon, preached by Mr. Sherman in New Haven, gave the following account of him. The sermon was from 1 Kings, [xviii], 12th verse, the words of Obadiah: "I thy servant feared the Lord from my youth." After giving a history of Obadiah and his times, he remarked: "It is time to leave Obadiah, pleasing as is the portrait, and turn to his counterpart. The Rev. Henry Sherman, who is now numbered with the dead, [interlineation: *He died Feb. 9, 1815*] was born in this city October 16th, 1785, and baptized by Dr. Edwards[19] the 11th of November. He was early sent to school and soon became able to read. His instructress noticed that he was always particularly attentive when she addressed the school upon the subject of religion. When but four years old he requested her to intercede with his grandfather, the late worthy and respected Deacon Austin, to give him a collegiate education that he might be a minister of the Gospel. She replied that he must become a good man before he was a minister. He then begged her to pray to God that he might become good. His attention to religion and study grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. A the age of eight years his propensity for reading was so strong that his friends became anxious for him and he was placed in the family of his grandfather that by active employment he might be diverted [end of manuscript].

[19]Jonathan Edwards the younger.

The price of these Bulletins is ten cents each.